10

came over me with added force, and I sprang forward and grasped his hand.
"Welcome, welcome, old man! I am delighted to have you among us."
He smiled rather coldly and seated himself. I touched a butten, lighted a cigar and drew a chair to the opposite side of the

fireplace.
"Permit me," I began rather nervously, "to congratulate you upon your success. I knew it must come to you in time."

"Excuse me," he returned, "you knew nothing of the kind. In fact, you had be-

nothing of the kind. In fact, you had begun to look upon me as a permanent failure. But I told you one night last summer that wealth was within my grasp. You doubted me then. You did not fully realize that four parts of Ampere to one of Hamerton is the formula for the Philosopher's Stone."

"Great Heaven, Rodney, you don't mean to tell me that you have carried into practice work, strange theory regarding practice your strange theory regarding electric currents? I can't believe it."

He stood up and leaned against a table,

his bands behind him.
"This is my first visit to the club," he said. "You just rang for a boy did you

"He has never seen me, of course. Watch him when he comes in. We were alone in the smoking room, and

for a few moments there was silence, except for the jolly jarkling of the fire. A boy in uniform entered the apartment. "Two ponies of curacoa," I said to him. He did not hear me. With a strange smile on his face, he was looking at Rod-

"Two ponies of curacoa," I repeated. The boy paid no attention to me, but slowly approached Rodney, like a rabbit fascinated by an anaconda. I now believe that Rodney reduced the force of the current at that instant, for Buttons came to his

senses with a start. "Yes, sir—you want? You want?"

He was still looking at Rodney, who repeared my order, and again were we left

I was more amused than astonished at the I was more amused than astonished at the time, though since then I have pondered day and night over the details of Rodney's magnetic device. The only thing that I ever learned regarding his methods was that in attracting a person be always held at least one hand behind him, while in repelling anyone he kept both hands before him. Perhaps scientists can make a better

use of these bare facts than I can.

Rodney resumed his seat and looked into the fire, as he calmly puffed a perfecto. He did not seem to care whether or not I was impressed by his power, and actually paid no attention to my comments on his recent

performance.
I watched him closely. There was a shadow on his face, and a strained look about his eyes, as though his effort to attract the waiter had been made at the expense of a

the waiter had been made at the expense of a a certain amount of nervous force.

"Well, Eodney," I said, after a time, "I suppose that now that you have achieved wealth and fame you are perfectly happy."

He looked at me and smiled rather sadly.

"No, my boy. I'm not happy. I once thought that money and glory were all that are needed to make a man contented. But, it seems, there is always one thing required to complete our existence. 'Man never is, but always to be blest.' The one thing necessary we never get."

He sipped his liquor musingly.

"And in your case that one thing is, at present—" ent-""
"A certain woman."

"A certain woman."

I was astonished. "You mean—you mean—that you're in love." I faltered.

"Yes, that's it. I'm in love. God help me!"

"Well, if your recent manifestation of magnetic power finds no obstacle in sex, I am sure
I would back your chances of winning any
woman in the world."

"That's the very point," he exclaimed. "Sex
makes no difference to my device, and so I find
myself undergoing the most terrible temptamyself undergoing the most terrible tempta-tion a man ever endured."
"What do you mean?"
"Just this. When I found last summer that

"Just this. When I found last summer that I could make men or women love me or hate me as I chose, I had no scruples about taking advantage of my power. It made no impression upon my conscience that I could so impress a capitalist that he would invest money in behalf of my sight for rifles. Was he not to be a gainer in the end? What did I care that by the use of my electro-magnetic apparatus I could fascinate a man and make him engage could fascinate a man and make him engage me to run his business? He obtained more benefit from the arrangement than I did. Why, in short, should I lose my self-respect if I obtained from the world that which was my due? I was simply repairing the defects with which nature had nandicapped me. And so I went on from triumph to triumph, making money, fascinating men, maniphilating my electric current so that it would fill my pocket. Behold the result! From poverty I am raised to affitence, from an insignificant individual I have become a famous man: I have my luxurious apartments, my horses, my clubs, and I dress and live as well as though I had never known the narrow affairs of the East Side, All this is the result of a simple invention which enables me to make any man my friend."

"And yet you are not content," I suggested as he paused.

"And yet you are not content," I suggested as he paused.

"No, Unfortunately my scientific experiment has shown me that I have a conscience. Do you Margaret Durand?"

"Yes. I am going to her reception to-night."

"So am I. Well, my dear boy, I love her. I love her with a purity and intensity that no man ever yet showed for a woman. Why? Because I have it in my power to fascinate her, to win her, and I will not give way to the temptation. Do you follow me? I could in an instant place myself above all men in her regard, but I scorn to take advantage of my power. She must love me naturally, not scientifically. I could make her as docile to my will as the waiter who came to us awhile ago, but the waiter who came to us awhile ago, but gld that be fair to her? Would such a would that be tair to her? Would such a course result in happiness to either of us?"

I puffed on in silence for a time. Never before had I had such a subtle problem in ethics presented to me. Had the temptation been mine, I know right well that I should have employed every influence in my power to win the woman of my love, but I could not undertake to solve such a question for a friend. As he seemed to expect me to speak, however, I said: "You have never used the means at your disposal, then, to win her?"

"As I told you, no."

"Do you think that, laying aside the manipulation of currents, you could attract her?"

"No."

lation of currents, you could attract her?"
"No."
"What makes you think so?"
"Look at me. Am I a man that would be likely to please such a woman?"
"You might affect some women," I answered honestly, "but not Margaret Durand. As they say in society, you are not her style."
"You are right, my boy. Thank you for replying to me with so much frankness. But place yourself for a moment in my position. I can win her consent to our marriage by the slightest effort. You have no conception of the power I now wield. If I was a bold, bad man no family in the city would be safe for an man no family in the city would be safe for an instant if I chose to destroy its peace. Am I, then, to deny myself the only thing I crave be-cause of a sentimental regard for that thread-He arose from his chair and walked up and

me our last meeting.
"But," I said, "you know as well as I do that a union under such circumstances would not be ultimately happy. Suppose, for instance, that some day you forgot to keep with you your de-vice, design, invention, contrivance

ultimately happy. Suppose, for instance, that some day you forgot to keep with you your device, design, invention, contrivance, or whatever you call it. Where would you be then?" He stopped in his walk and looked at me earnestly.

"Thank you for those words. They have made a man of me. I love her too well to take advantage of her. She shall love me for myself alone, or not at all. I am willing to tap men with my electro-magnetic apparatus, but I shall not trust to it for a life companion. O Margaret, I worship you. If I win you not, death shall be my portion. But I shall play a square game. Rest content. Nature shall always direct your current. I shall not tamper with it."

I sprang up and grasped his hand.

"There is something in you," I exclaimed, "more than pertains to the average electrical expert. In fact, I believe you are a man. You are worthy a thousand Margaret Durands."

"Rather an Oriental idoa, isn't it?" he returned, smiling. "But we must be off, if we are going to the reception."

I shook hands with him at the corner of the street, and went home to dress for the evening. I felt as though I had a glimpse of something

I shook hands with him at the corner of the street, and went home to dress for the evening. I felt as though I had a glimpse of something unnatural. There was no doubt that Marcus Rodney had suddenly won wealth and notoriety. Furthermore, I had seen him dazzle a menial and I could not deny that he possessed the power he claimed. And Margaret Durand. Alas, a beautiful girl! I myself had been fascinated by her and had even gone so far as to offer her my hand, which she had gently and firmly rejected. Would she fall a prey to this terrible man, who had analyzed the world into currents, and had profited by the analysis? I hoped not. Much as I liked Marcus Rodney I could not honestly wish him success in his affaire du cosur.

Hurriedly completing my toilet, I lighted a cigarette, rushed down stairs, called a cab, and a few moments later drew up in front of a brilliantly lighted house in Madison avenue, in front of which a hundred vehicles were standing. I joined the stream of guests entering the mansion, and finally managed to pay my respects to the daughter of the host, Margaret Durand. She looked unusually beautiful that night. Her red lips, her clean-cut features and her raven black hair formed a picture which almost awakened in me the old affection.

"May I have a moment with you later?" I asked as I passed along with the throng.

"If you won't talk nonsense, you may," she answered, showing a set of exquisite white teeth.

An hour later I was scaled in front of her in a

An hour later I was seated in front of her in a to begge

"Has Mr. Redney come?" I asked.
"I really don't knew," she answered indifferently and locking me full in the face.
"He"il have to turn on the current to its highest limit to win this girl," I said to myself, as I

est limit to win this girl," I said to myself, as I gazed into her honest cyes.

"Good evening, Miss Durand," said a deep voice behind me; and turning, I saw Marcus Rodney. He looked remarkably well in a dress suit. His figure seemed to have lost its ungainliness, and his strong face looked almost ornamental in a drawing room.

Miss Durand arose and held out her hand. He took it colmity, and I gave him my seat and moved away.

For the first time in such a gathering, I found myself ill at ease. Old friends spoke to me, and I answered as though I had never known them. My thoughts were with Margaret Durand and Rodney. Had he brought his apparatus with him? Would he use it? Would she succumb before the power of his unfair device?

"Thank Heaven, I didn't turn on the current!
I'm a man yet."
"You proposed to her, then?"
"Yes. I asked her to be my wife. She refused. She said she did not care for me. What could I do? I had it in my power to make her worship me, and I restrained myself. O, my friend, never was a man so tempted. Her lips are so red! Her eyes are so bright! Her hair is so black! Her current must be one of tremendous force. And, look you, I have never even discovered which way it flows. All I know is that she does not like me by nature. I cannot, no, I cannot take a mean—a scientific—advantage of her. Good God, I wish I were dead!" dead!"
With these rather trite words he seemed to recover his energy, for he broke from my grasp and rushed away in the darkness.

CHAPTER III.

Two nights later I was sitting in a box at the eater with Margaret Durand. The house was crowded, and the play, a famous American comedy, kept the audience in a tumult of laughter and applause. But my vis-a-vis seemed out of spirits. She watched the play listlessly and seemed more inclined to carry on a whispered conversation with me than to follow the intricacies of a most amusing piece. Toward the end of the third act I saw her start and turn red, as she caught sight of a tall, imposing figure standing near the main entrance. I followed her gaze and recognized Rodney, "grand, gloomy and peculiar" as

"A great man, Rodney," I whispered.
She looked at me coldly and said:
"Yes."
"Yes. A man of wonderful force. Every-"Yes. A man of wonderful force. Every-body admires him."
"Not everybody," she returned quickly.
"Your statement is too sweeping."
"But is he not extremely popular? He is called 'the success of the season."
"I grant you that." Then in a lower tone "Everybody seems to like him. I wonder why I don't."

I don't."
"A case of currents," I had it on my lips to say, but suppressed the words in time.
"Perhaps," I suggested, "you find him too earnest."
"Much so. I wish he would not stand there.
He has seen us, and I can't bear his gaze." She
drew her chair back out of range of Rodney's

view.

Here was a mystery. Evidently the man had a peculiar effect upon her. She felt so strong a repugnance for him that she had given expression to it with more frankness than good resson to it with more frankness than good taste.

As we left the theater our little party passed Rodney, who was standing in the lobby. Miss Durand bowed coldly to him, and he returned her salutation in almost an ominous way. I did not like the expression on his face. He had glanced at me with an angry gleam in his haggard eyes, and I knew he covied me my present position. We returned to the Durands to supper, and Margaret gradually grew more cheerful. Once in awhile, however, a cloud would pass over her beautiful face, and I felt intuitively that she was thinking of Rodney. As the party broke up, she took me aside and said:

clasped her in my arms.
"My darling, you have made me the happiest man in the world. Kiss me. Tell me you love man in the world. Also me. You love me?"

"I don't know," she answered, disengaging herself from my embrace. "I like you better than other men, and I want to be engaged to you, I am thred of having men I detest pro-I was not thoroughly pleased with this inter-

I was not thoroughly pleased with this interpretation of her feelings, but there was no time to say more, as the guests had gathered in the hall and were making their adieux.

"Come to me in the morning." whispered Margaret, and I promised her that I would.

"Good-night, my fiance."were her last words, and I stepped forth into the darkness a bewildered but happy man. I wandered about the streets for two hours in a curious state of mind. When Margaret Durand had refused me I had been desperate for a time, but perhaps because my current is so "adaptable," I had fully recovered, and had allowed our intercourse to rest on the basis of friendship, Now I was obliged to fall in love with her again. It was not a very difficult task, but I regretted that I did not have that control of my own electric flow that Marcus Rodney possessed.

my own electric flow that Marcus Rodney possessed.

The light of approaching day had begun to
glimmer in the East when I threw myself upon
my bed, worn out with the struggle of conflicting emotions. I was up again at II and hurried to a jeweler's. The handsomest engagement ring the store held was soon mine, and I
drove at once to Madison avenue. Margaret
received me with a silent pressure of the hand.
She looked pale and her eyes were heavy for
lack of sleep. She smiled sadiy, almost listlessly, as I placed the ring upon her finger and
kissed her lips, less red than usual, to seal our
betrothal. "I am afraid," she faltered, "that you will

"I am afraid," she faltered, "that you will think I have been unwomanly."
"Don't say that, Margaret. You do yourself a wrong. A slave who has received his freedom would be ungenerous to harbor unkind thoughts of his benefactor. I love you, and you have promised to be my wife. That one reflection is all that my mind has room for now."

She smiled compassionately.
"I want you to do something for me to-day,"

"I want you to do something for me to-day," she said.

"Willingly—later on." I placed my arm around her waist and felt no inclination to move. I was delighted to observe that the readjustment of the currents was going forward in a most satisfactory manner.

"Yes—later on," she murmured. "I want you to see Marcus Rodney and tell him that you and I are engaged. Will you?"

I was surprised at the request and rather dreaded the task she had set me.!

"Must I tell him to-day?" I asked feebly.

"Please do. I want him to know at once. For—for—I am afraid of him. I hate him. But he is a peculiar man. He is one of those obstinate creatures who never know when they are beaten. He would not permit the woman he loved to become a sister to him."

I started as though my current, which was flowing in the right direction, had suddenly been reversed.

"What do you mean to imply?" I asked, rising and looking at her with offended pride in my eyes.

"Sit down, dear." she exclaimed, springing.

rising and looking at her with offended pride in my eyes.

"Sit down, dear," she exclaimed, springing up and throwing her arms around my neck.
"I have never been anything to you but the girl you love, have 1? And I am going to be your wife."

Her arguments were irresistible. I resumed my seat and had the eminent pleasure of knowing that the currents had not been per-manently disarranged by my ebulition of temper.

manently disarranged by my ebulition of temper.

How the next few hours were passed it is needless to recount. This is not a tale of passion but of science. Suffice it to say that when I left Margaret late in the afternoon I was willing to beard a thousand Rodneys in their dens. There is nothing like love for a woman to make a man brave.

As I was sworn to inform Rodney of our betrothal at once I hastened to the club. He was always there for a few moments before his dinner hour. As I went up the steps, I saw him standing alone at one of the windows. His face had a gloomy, almost despairing, expression, and he paid no attention to my nod.

"How are you, old man?" I asked as I joined him.

"How are you, old man?" I asked as I joined him.

"Not very well," he returned gruffly. "But you look chipper enough. I suppose the market turned your way to-day."

"Not exactly. I haven't been to the atreet, but a little flyer I took yesterday panned out exceedingly well to day."

There was something in my tone which aroused his suspicions. He looked at me sharply, and the peculiar power of his queer eyes almost made me abandon my design. "I will procrastinate," I said to myself.

"Have you made any engagement for dinner, Rodney."

Rodney?"
"No."
"Well, dine here with me. Excuse me a moment. I will go and give the order."
He bowed stiently and I left him.
We had a very handsome dinner. I wanted to beget in him a condition of good numor before I breke to him a piece of news which I re-

seemed to feel my change of mood, for her voice to longer trembled when she asked me a question.

"Rodney has taken his leave," I whispered to Margaret, and she smiled cheerfully in return. The joyous notes of a waltz resounded through the house, and in my delight I grasped my partner about the waist and whirled her to her seat.

I enjoyed myself immensely for a time. I was fond of dancing, and, being popular, received many favors. With a fickleness which has always pertained to my disposition, I forgot all about Rodney, all about fatigue and lack of sleep, and remembered only that Margaret was mine, that music and beauty and sweet odors affected my senses, and like a lotes eater, I abandoned myself to the moment's pleasure with an enthusiasm that threw my foolish little partner into ecstacles.

"Stop firting," said Margaret to me during a figure, and I frowned playfully, as though she had wronged me.

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"Stop firting," said Margaret to me during a figure and it frowned playfully, as though she had wronged me.

"Stop the lectro-magnets concealed up their sleeves, as though they would cheat the world if they could. Such men cannot dance. Such men must skulk away as the fun grows apace and eat out their wicked hearts in solitude. Currents, did you say? What currents do we need that the hot blood, the gleaming eyes, the full, flushed cheeks de not beget? Currents! Reserve them for the telegraph, the telephone, the cable, kill men with them if you like, but come not to us and measure love by volus and carry hatred in dynamos.

Such triumphant thoughts filled my brain as the music ceased, and I motioned a waiter to bring us some lemonade. The german was well led, the favors were handome, and I cou alized would place me in an unpleasant posi-tion. By the time we had reached the saiad his face had begun to brighten a wit. If a man in love, I reflected, can manage to preserve his appetite he is not likely to break his heart. A well-filled stomach seems to keep the organ of the affections intac. "Everything is going well with you in a busi-ness way?" I asked toward the end of the dinner. "Yes, I will be a millionaire in three months." "Yes. I will be a millionaire in three months."

"You look tired, old man. Why don't you run over to Europe for the winter?"

"You know right well why I don't. It is unkind of you to ask such a question."

"But." I returned, "your affaire is at an end." There was a lump in my throat, but I boldly raised my glass of champagne toward my lips and said impressively: "Rodney, I propose a tonst. Let us drink to my betrothed, Margaret Duraud."

He buried his glass to the floor in a rage. His face was ginastly, and his eyes met mine

sbe succumb before the power of his unfair device?

Such questions as these worried me for a long time. Finally I returned to the little room in which I had left my friend and his beloved. Margaret had disappeared, but Rodney was still there. Never have I seen such a look on a man's face as his countenance at that moment held. His cheeks were pals, and beneath his staring eyes were deep tints of black. His white lips looked dry and feverish, and he stared into vacancy like a man bereft of reason.

I managed to get him out of the house without attracting attention, and we walked many blocks in silence. He leaned upon my arm as though he had wholly lost his strength, and I in pity supported him. At length he whispered:

"Thank Heaven, I didn't turn on the current? I'm a man yet."

"You proposed to her, then?"

"Yes, I asked her to be my wife, She refused. She said she did not care for me. What could I do? I had it in my power to make her worship me, and I restrained myself. O, my friend, never was a man so tempted. Her lips are so red! Her eyes are so bright! Her hair is so black! Her current must be one of tree.

went out, " was informed when I sopped to with his words "you shall pay for this," ringing in my ears I had to laugh at the incon-sistency of my rival's speech and deeds. I was annoyed, too. To have a guest pay for a meal to which I had invited him proved that his hostility would stop at nothing in its search for revenge. revenge.

I walked hastily up toward Margaret's home.
It was a cool, clear night and the bracing air
somewhat restored my equilibrium.

"Is Miss Durand in?" I asked nervously at

"Is Miss Durand in?" I asked nervously at the door.

"Not she has gone to a german at the Olney's, sir."

This was strange. She had said nothing tome regarding such a purpose. I had pictured ber to myself taiking over her engagement to her mother and, perhaps, taking her father into the secret. Once in a while in these days parents are informed of a girl's betrothal almost as soon as her intimate friends. However, as I had been invited to the Olney's, I decided to seek her there and ask for an explanation.

decided to seek her there and ask for an explanation.

I stopped a passing hansom and rolled uptown. My mind was oppressed with vague misgivings. I held Margaret by such a slight bond—for I knew that she did not love me as I wished to be loved—that I was not pleased at the outlook. Now that Rodney had taken the warpath with his current-controlling apparatus I felt almost helpless. All is fair in love, they say, but this rather unprincipled dictum was laid down before electricity was known to man. My fevered brain employed itself in drafting a measure to be introduced at the next session of the Legislature making it a misdemeanor for anyone to win the affections of a woman by any machine, device or contrivance not readily obtainable by the public at large. "We'll have a nickel-in-the-slot courting machine yet," I obtainable by the public at large. "We'll have a nickel-in-the-slot courting machine yet," I muttered bitterly as the cab drew up in front of the Giney's. The great house was crowded and the cotillion had not yet begun. I said a few words to the hostess, and then began my search for Margaret. A few moments later I caught sight of her leaning against a door and talking to a harmless youth of 20 who had already become blase. At the same instant I saw Marcus Rodney enter the front drawing room and greet the hostess.

By some strange impulse, I decided to defer my talk with Margaret, keep myself in the background and watch Marcus Rodney's maneuvers.

of dismay at that instant rung through the house. I recognized the voice. It was Margaret's.

I rushed down the room and tore back the portiere behind which Rodney and Margaret had disappeared. As I did so my flancee fell fainting into my arms. I laid her upon a sofa, ran for water, and upon my return found that she had regained her senses.

"Mr. Rodney?" she said to me convulsively as I came up.

"He is dead," remarked someone in the crowd, and Margaret again fainted.

It was true. Marcus Rodney was dead, and no one, not even Margaret Durand, ever knew, what killed him. Do I? you ask. Perhaps, though I am not a scientist. Is it not well night certain that by adding to his natural affection for Margaret a scientific one produced by his device he overtaxed the powers of his heart?

I leave the answer to older heads than mine.

On his monument I have had the sculptor carve an electro-magnet, a broken heart and the letters "Q. E. D."

[The End.] Unless a man is a boor it is impossible fo

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HOW A BEAR CAUGHT PROUT.

Two Catskill Hunters Falled to Capture

the Fisherman. As the Ulster and Delaware Railroad loco-motive goes puffing and snorting in its stiff climb over the horseshoe curve just above the village of Pine Hill, N. Y., one of the last cot-

tages seen by the handkerchief-waving city folks is Bonnie View. A famous little trout

folks is Bonnie View. A famous little trout stream gurgles along within a few feet of the house and numerous speckled beauties disport within its limpid depths.

Just back of Bonnie House a sort of a dam has been erected, in which were placed a week or ten days ago over a hundred good-sized trout. In visting the dam the following morning it was discovered that a raid had been made on the fish, and that the despoiler had not only made way with over a present the

ROPES FOR HANGING MEN.

The Making of Hempen Nooses an Industry

of St. Louis.

I dropped into an uptown stationery store the

tropped into an ejection stationery store the other day. It was one of those stores that outfit banks and county offices throughout the country, a store where everything from a steel pen up to a 40-quire blank book is kept for sale. The house has a dozen traveling salesmen on the road. A clerk in the store was filling an order just received from one of the salesmen.

order just received from one of the salesme

Going to the elevator chute in the rear of the store he yelled to a clerk or porter on one of

store he yelled to a cierk or porter on one of the upper floors: "Jimmy, send me down two haugman's ropes." Jimmy responded and in a few minutes down he came with the ropes.
"Now, those are daisies," he said, turning to The Man About Town. "You wouldn't have thought that we sold ropes to haug men, would you? See here," and he took one of the ropes from the neat little paper box in which it was coiled, "it has the regulation knot already tied in it, so that all the Sheriff has to do is to adjust the noose to fit the neck of his victim. These ropes are made in this city out of a superior quality of hemp, and they are sold for \$9 each, which is a very low price for them, considering the fact that they are absolutely safe. Every one we sell has the guarantee of the manufacturer on the box that it has been tested by dropping an iron weight. If the Christian County Sheriff, who made such a disgraceful scene at the hanging of the Bald Knobbers, had hanged his men with ropes like these he would have saved the State from disgrace."

THE INNOCENT LAMB.

One Who Has Studied Him Describes His

About the first error the lamb makes in He about the nist error the lamb makes in life is to mistake the shepherd or his dog for its mother, and many are the maneuvers that must be gone through with to make the new arrival follow the right party. His next error is likely

to be an attempt to walk on air when he comes to a place where he should go down hill. His

Peculiar Ways.

Montana Wool Grower.J

St. Louis Republic.]

him to do just as he pleases at a social gather-ing. While I stood watching Margaret and Rodney, who had not yet seen each other, I felt a light touch on my arm. Turning I met the smiling glance of my hostess.
"Let us find you a partner for the cotillion she said. "As one of the best dancers in the city, we cannot spare you."

I was far from being pleased with her suggestion, but saw at once that there was no es-

"You once asked me to marry you. I want you to renew that offer."

I was astonished, and for a moment lost control of my nerves. My body trembled, and I was obliged to seat myself on a sofa. The proposition was so unexpected, so unusual, that I felt a surprise which made me speechles. Margaret seated herself beside a vapid young woman who seemed to feel that she had snared a prize. She smiled and chattered in a way which chilled me and convinced me that her current and mine would never flow in the same direction. Margaret, with the blase youth by her side, was seated near the head of the line. Rodney, who did not dead of the same direction. There is going to be a delightful german,"

the end of the room.

There is going to be a delightful german," simpered my partner.

"I fear so—if I can't prevent," I answered absently, looking towards Rodney.

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked.

"O, excuse me I didn't quite eatch your remark. Yes, yes, you are right."

I feit that the girl was wondering at my strange demeanor; and so drew myself together and paid stricter attention to her ceaseless talk. But I could not get my mind off the drama which was passing before my eyes. I knew that Rodney was watching Margaret and myself, and I could not discover whether my fiancee had seen either me or my rival. She had not looked toward me, and she seemed to be unconscious of Rodney's presence.

"What a beautiful girl is Margaret Durand," remarked my vis-a-vis, rather enviously.

"Yes, and he knows it?"

"He. They. Anybody. Everybody. See?"
Again my partner gazed at me in surpaise. She had begun to think that I had been taking too much wine, I suspect, for her high spirits suddenly deserted her.

The orchestra at that moment struck up a waltz and the cotillion had begun. Margaret and her partner sat next to the leaders, and soon afterward I was dancing with my flancee, who had loyally given me her first favor.

"Why are you here?" I returned.

"Why are you here?" I returned. "Meganuse I wanted just one last dance before I was laid on the shelf." the answered rebelliously. "Won't you forgive me?"
"Of course I will," and I drewher a bit closer to me than the etiquette of the waltz strictly warrants.
At that instant we passed the portiere at the

At that instant we passed the portiers at the end of the room.

"Good heaven! There's Mr. Rodney," ck. claimed Margaret in an agitated tone. "Didn't you tell him what you promised to?"

"Yes. And it wasn't an easy bit of work, either."
As I left her at her seat I saw that she was quite pale, and I returned to my place forebodingly.
"Why is it that some men dance so much better than others?" asked my partner, who had just been waltzing with a clumsy youth.
"Currents, I suppose," was my reckless reply. Fortunately it was our turn to dance at that moment, and I managed to escape the worst effects my random answer might have produced.

duced.

"O, there's Mr. Rodney at the end of the room," exclaimed Miss Loquacious when we were again seated. "He's such a striking looking man! I have only met him once, but I was fascinated with him. It is too bad he doesn't dance."
"He does," I said. "He dances on men and "What a queer man you are!" exclaimed my

"He does." I said. "He dances on men and women."

"What a queer man you are!" exclaimed my puzzled partner.

As the german went on, I began to hope that my vague fears regarding Rodney's course were groundless. I danced with Margaret several times and found that she had regained a thorough command of her nerves. Nevertheless, Rodney did not stir from his place near the portiere, and the attention he had begun to attract seemed to make no impression on him. The hostess stood at his side for a few moments, and several men went over and shook hands with him. Still he stood there, like an avenging spirit, cold, motionless, inflexible. At one time I caught his eye, and in his gaze was no anger but contempt. Why had his feelings toward me so suddenly changed?

"What did the leader say to you about the next figure?" asked my partner.

"He thought I was lying," I remarked quickly, as the explanation of Rodney's change of mood came into my mind on the instant.

"Dance please," said the leader to us at that moment, and again I was able to escape the consequences of my lapsus lingur.

The strain I was under had begun to wear upon me. I had not had my usual amount of sleep the previous night, and I realized by the ragged manner of my dancing that I was "played out," as the saying goes. Under such circumstances, the position I was in became torture. I watched Margaret closely. How beautiful she was! I loved her more passionately every moment. I lenged to stand up and cry out: "Move on, gentlemen. Miss Durand belongs to me." To sit there in such a state of mind, and see that electro-magnetic hawk poised to swoop down on his prey was agony. I alternated between hope and fear. Perhaps he would not get a chance to speak to her; perhaps he did not have his device with him; perhaps, if he thought that I had lied to him, he would defer his experiment until a more convenient time. On the other hand, why did he come to a dancing party? And having come, why did he not "move on?" What did he mean by standing in the slandow of a turtai

THE GRAND OLD MAN.

Blakely Hall Draws Pen Pictures of the Everyday Life of

> WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. His Days Occupied With Party Politics

From Morn to Eve. THE ROUTINE OF HIS DAILY LIFE

LONDON, July 29.—The friends of a bignosed man should never despair. If it is above the average of other neses there is always hope. I am a convert to the belief that men with big noses have come to town to stay. The very largest nose I ever saw belongs to the otherwise insignificant countenance of Mr. Gladstone. It is not a drooping, sagacious nose like Evarts', nor a heavy, majestic organ like Blaine's. Boulanger's nose is thin all the way down the bridge until it expands into a white and solid looking bulb at the end, while Gould's begins bulkily at the eyebrows but tapers off into a long sharp point. Gould gets money; Boulsnger spends it. It would be interesting to know whether the noses of financiers run to points and spendthrifts to LONDON, July 29 .- The friends of a bigfinanciers run to points and spendthrifts to

Gladstone's nose is like none of these. It is big all over. Its bigness is its salient point and it is of thickness, breadth and solidity throughout. Half way in its length it has a wide and prominent bridge, and when Mr. Gladstone blows it, as he frequently does in the course of his long speeches, it gives forth a resonant and

INSPIRED IDIOCY. The close and critical observation of hoses s a habit that grows on a man with increditable swiftness. Some inspired idiot once started out to find cab No. 1 among the 20,-000 cabs of Paris, and wrote to the papers



Hon. William Ewart Gladstone.

about it as he pursued his frantic search. Half the people in the French capital did nothing for weeks afterward but look for low numbers on cabs. I arrived in Paris when the fever was at its height and watched every cab that passed me, but the first day I found none that had a number of less than fourteen or nifteen thousand. After six days I saw a cab numbered as low as 80. With the sensation of a man who had discovered the Northwest passage, I engaged the hack for the day and took it around to show all my friends none of whom had found anymy friends, none of whom had found any-thing under 100. From the universal inter-est taken in this particular form of hot weather idiocy I am led to believe that all mankind loves a bit of nonsense now and then. Let me suggest a comparison of noses to observers of human nature who are anx-

made on the fish, and that the despoiler had not only made way with over a score of the largest trout, but that he had discarded a dozen or more smaller ones and left them high and dry in the bushes near by. Further search developed the fact that the trespasser was a four-footed rather than a two-footed desperado, as the tracks of a large species of animal were discovered in the soft ground near the edge of the dam. discovered in the soft ground near the edge of the dam.

Two hunters secreted themselves behind a pile of wood the next evening to watch for the thief or thieves, but they waited in vain. The next night they watched again, and this time their perseverence was rewarded. At about 10 o'clock a good-sized bear came shuffling out of the woods and without a break made direct for the dam. It put in its big paw and scooped up a trout, which it ate with an apparent relish, but it did not wait for more. They became so excited at the sight of a Catskill Mountain bear that both fired prematurely at the brute. It immediately turned tail and ran for the dense ious for a mid-summer diversion.

The first time I ever thought of noses particularly was at a dinner at the now defunct but erstwhile hilarious Mobican Club. A comedian—I have forgotion now whether it was Nat Godwin or Francis Wilson—made was Nat Godwin or Francis Wilson—made some sort of a happy, but nevertheless slighting remark about the large bulbous and bluish nose, which appertained to the person of a fiery Virginia Colonel, who sat near me. The Colonel blushed with embarrassment for a moment, as all eyes were turned on him, but before anything else was said the voice of Dr. Richmond was heard at the other end of the table holding forth to the man at his side on the subject of posses.

THE DOCTOR'S STATEMENT.

"No other feature of the face indicates greatness, except the nose," said the Doctor, emphatically, "and I defy you to show me a really great man anywhere in the world whose nose is not above the average

n size."

I thought at the moment that the doctor said this to smooth down the Southern Colonel, and it is quite likely that such was the case, for an expression of conscious rectitude and suavity passed over the vet-

the case, for an expression of conscious rectitude and suavity passed over the veteran's vari-colored features.

But the subject of big noses was on top for several hours, and when I went downtown the following morning I found myself looking critically at every nose I met. When I encountered a great man in Europe after that I looked eagerly at his nose. I excluded royalty, for that has greatness thrust upon it, but I was pleased to observe that the pink face of Bismark was embellished by a big and beefy nose and that Pasteur's proboscis was far removed from insignificance and conventionality. But I never saw a really great nose until I met Mr. Gladstone.

I was traveling from Dublin to London one day in midwinter, when I was laid up at Chester. It is not far from Gladstone's country seat, Hawarden, and I learned that the great Liberal leader was to take the London mail. I was sitting in the chilly coffee room of the hotel, waiting for the train to come in, when Mr. Gladstone walked in and stretched out a pair of wrinkled hands to the fire. Almost nothing could be seen of his face, except a mighty nose. His tall and weather-beaten hat rested on his ears, and a huge worsted scarf concealed his neck and the lower part of his face. The nose projected, and hung majestically over this scarf, like the beak of an eagle, except that it was more massive than any eagle's beak I have ever seen. Away back from the this scarf, like the beak of an eagle, except that it was more massive than any eagle's beak I have ever seen. Away back from the bridge of his nose twinkled a pair of eyes as bright and sharp as those of a larky 10-year-old boy. He nodded and blinked his eyes and wagged his nose at everyone who came into the room, and when he stepped aboard the train he was cheered to the echo.

ONE DAY IN GLADSTONE'S LIFE. I chanced to meet Herbert Gladstone, the

I chanced to meet heroers to dastone, the eldest son of the ex-Premier, at a luncheon one day later on, and he talked for a time about his father.

"The history of a day in his life would not make very exciting reading," he said, "for in his mode of life he is the simplest man in the world."

to be an attempt to walk on air when he comes to a place where he should go down hill. His ten minutes' experience in life has made him believe that all the carth is a level plain, and in hroad daylight he steps off the top of a hill just as serencily as a man steps off the top of lauding of the stairs in total darkness when he is certain that the stairs are yet 20 feet away. The result is a great surprise to man and lamb in each instance.

The lamp picks himself up, and continues down the hill; he soon comes to the conclusion that everything is down hill in this life, and not on a dead level. Upon getting to the foot of the hill, he still tries to continue downward, and as a result runs his nose into the ground and looks surprised again. He now comes to a place to get up hill, and goes up just as our man starts to go upstairs in total darkness when thinks the stairs are still 20 feet away.

There is only one thing that is 500 times as funny and provoking by turns as a lamb, and that is 500 lambs together when they are about a month old. The shepherd sits down and watches the 500 lambs all in a busch by themselves, playing, running and frolicking, and he laughs. When he has tried, and tried is vain, to get the same 500 across a bridge or into a corral he sits down again, but he does not laugh this time. "for in his mode of life he is the simplest man in the world."

This proved to be the case, after a number of inquiries. The Liberal leader is a politician first of all and forever, but he is a politician in the higher sense of the word. His entire time is given up to his party. One morning, just after the Kensington victory, I called at his house as early as 7 o'clock, under the stress of a particular bit of news. I found Mr. Gladstone already up, holding forth vicorously to a delegation of British tradesmen who had waited upon him for some absurd reason or other. The 80-year-old host was haranguing his visitors with extraordinary vigor. Nothing damps his enthusiasm. The last speech that I heard him deliver in the House was simply terrific in its force and noise. He had loosened his collar, turned up his wristbands, Akron Telegram.:

At Mansfield Mary Bitterly saw a man feeling around her chicken coop and asked him what he was doing. He replied that he was looking for his wife. Mary told him to move. He didn't; but he Bitterly regretted it the next minute. Mary went into battery action and shot him full of holes. He will live, but will never look for his wife again in a neighbor's chicken coop.

unbuttoned all but the lower button of his waistcoat, and he was thumping the table in front of him like a pile-driver gone mad. His voice was like the roar of a lusty-lunged young backwoods stump speaker, and he drove his points home with a force that was tremendous.

He Must Extend to Others the Help He Has Himself Received.

The life of the ex-Premier is very simple, The life of the ex-Premier is very simple, as his son said. He rises at 6:30, or perhaps a little later in the winter, and at once puts on the clothes he is to wear during the day. Unlike most Englishmen, he will have nothing to do with dressing gowns, morning robes, breakfast jackets and the like, but puts on his heavy frock suit at once. He is exceedingly shy of new clothes, like many other great men, and Mrs. Gladstone uses an amazing amount of diplomacy in getting new garments on the spare frame of her new garments on the spare frame of be

FOND OF OLD CLOTHES.

speech.

Mr. Gladstone's breakfast is simple, usually consisting of bacon and eggs or a bit of fish and a cup of tea. Immediately after breakfast he goes to his library, whether in town or country, and reads the daily papers for the greater part of an hour. This is a matter of importance to him and he will stand no interruption. He said, in talking of newspapers, that it did not take he will stand no interruption. He said, in talking of newspapers, that it did not take him long to run through a lot of them as he knew exactly where to look for the information he wanted. The foreign news was usually briefly set forth and he was thorough conversant with what went on in Parliament. The things that interest the Liberal leader most are the ideas set forth in editorials. He does not read criminal or social news but skims the paper for political suggestions and views. Then comes a correspondence that is of extraordinary magnitude. Mr. Gladstone sees only a few of the letters addressed to him. A fair proportion of them are abusive epistles from indignant Torists, blackguarding the Liberal chieftain with every epithet known to the dictionary of abuse. If a letter is particularly amusing in its violence Herbert Gladstone shows it to his father, and it never fails to bring a smile.

bert Gladstone shows it to his father, and its never fails to bring a saile.

A GREAT MAN'S SON.

Neatly all of the correspondence is managed by the son. He is a quiet, almost plaintive man of about 28, with a small mustache and bushy hair brushed back from his high forehead. He affects extreme simplicity in dress, turn-over collar, cheap 6 cent black cravat, loss-efitting and low-priced clothes and a under the constantly at service; he constantly and low-priced clothes and an under the constantly at service; he constantly at service; he would see him constantly at service; he would be seen to the suffer service of the wants shand he is a man of real and solid affectation of extreme modesty. I heard Mr. Parnell refer to young Gladstone once in very complimentary terms, and Mr. Parnell is done of extreme modesty. I heard Mr. Parnell refer to young Gladstone once in very complimentary terms, and Mr. Parnell is done to the control of the constantly at the service of the control of the constantly and the pronounced degree of recklessness. About 90 violators by many and the control of the A GREAT MAN'S SON.

aply a routine of hard and persistent work, BLAKELY HALL

ALL THE CLOCKS ALIKE.

A Strange Fact About the Jewelers' Sign in the City of St. Louis.

St. Louis Republic. The Man About Town was walking Broadway the other day in company with a young lady and when opposite a leading jewelry establishment, she said, "Did you ever notice any striking similarity between jewelers' signs like that large clock over there?" The Man About Town acknowledged that he

"Well," she said, "notice now when we pas and you will see that the hands indicate that it's 18 minutes after 8 o'clock." He noticed and saw that such was a fact. The young lady informed him that all the clocks used as signs indicated the same time of day and that the reason of it was that some 20 odd years ago these signs were all made by one manufacturer in New York. He desired to have the faces of them all alike and decided to chronicle in this manner the time of some important occurrence. About this time President Lincoln was shot and he died the following morning at 8:18. The manufacturer adopted this time and afterward stencilled his clock signs in that manner. It seems that this custom has been followed, for everyone we noticed, on the remainder of our stroll down town, was the same as the first one noticed. This seemed so striking that we dropped in at a jewelry store and asked the gentleman in charge, who confirmed the young lady's explanation. We doubt if one person in 5,000 has ever noticed this peculiarity. and that the reason of it was that some 90 odd

A SERPENTINE CIRCLE.

The Wonderful Problem Propounded by Harvard Scientist. We ought to be perfectly happy that we liv

THE CANADIANS SURPRISED. Lumberman Swims From the Dos

With 28 Horses.

Charles Marthinson, the hig Soo lamberme Charles Marthinson, the big Soo lemoerman, swam the St. Mary's river with a drove of 28 horses the other day. He did it because he couldn't got possession of the horses any other way, and they were his by chattel mortgage. They were stationed at Thessalon, on the Canadian side. Haif a dozen trusty men were Canadian side. Haif a dozen trusty men were engaged and the procession started. All day and all night they traveied until the river was reached. Into the rapidly flowing water they plunged with their horses. They stemmed the current boldly, and in a few minutes were safe on Yaukee ground.

Such Napoleonic tactics staggered the Canadian authorities, and they haven't yet secured their breath. Canada may have the sawmill all right, but Michigan has the horses.

Especially If It Was a Good Apple.

A little boy of this city, after hearing the story of Adam and Eve, pondered a few moments and then asid: "I don't think it would have been polite for Adam not to take the apple when a lady affered it to him."

A CHRISTIAN'S DUTY.

He Has Himself Received.

DESERT ISLAND CHRISTIANITY

Is Not Good Enough for the Man Who Lives in the Midst of Men.

THE WORAL OF THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL

It is recorded that upon one occasion Christ, having healed a man, refused the man's request that he might be one of His followers, and sent him home. The incident, which is a singular and notable one. is set down in the following words: "Now the man out of whom the devils were departed, besought Him that he might be with Him; but Jesus sent him away, saying, return to thine own house, and show how him great things God hath done unto thee."

This man had been helped, and the Lord wanted him to go and help somebody else. The man had not thought of that. He had imagined that he could be a Christian all alone. For him there were but two persons in the world-one was Christ and the other was himself. His heart was full of a great longing to be with Christ. He wanted to see His face and hear His voice-just to see and to hear—every day. It had not oc-curred to this man that there was anything curred to this man that there was anything for him to do to be with Christ—that was his idea of Christian discipleship.

But Jesus sent him away. He told him to go home. He reminded him that there was work waiting for him. He taught him that the essential duty of a Christian is to help nis brother.

This man was a mistaken Christian. He was a good man—a devout, earnest, loyal and loving man. But this one thing he lacked. He had forgotten that he had any brother. He had forgotten that the blessing of help brings with it

of help brings with it

THE DUTY OF HELPING. If he had lived in the Middle Ages he would have been a monk. He would have spent his whole life thinking holy and lov-ing thoughts about Christ, kneeling at the foot of the cross. His knees would have grown as hard as a camel's, and his heart as tender as a little child's. But his hands would have been as tender as his heart.

helpfulness. Christ came, bringing into the world this idea of a duty of helpfulness as almost a new revelation. He surprised men by going about doing good, and by teaching the highest truth to the simplest people. That is, He helped the bodies, and people. That is, He helped the bodies, and the souls of men, and of all men. That was

the souls of men, and of all men. That was a new thing.

Take, for example, the truth which Christ came to teach. It differs from the doctrine of all other religions, not only in its pulpit variety, but in its helpfulness. Christian doctrine is helpful truth. That vision which St. Peter saw on the house-top at Jappa is a fitting symbol of it. There above, on the house-top was the vision, and then below at the door were three men knocking. And the vision was for the sake of the men, the visitation was a vhitation of duty. It was truth which was immediately to be translated into love. There is much theology in the epistles of St. Paul. All the first chapters of nearly all the epistles are theological. But all the last chapters are concerned with the application of this theology to daily life. The doctrine is laid as a loundation, that upon it may be builded the superstructure of a good life. The theology is for the sake of better living, as the toundation is for the sake of the house, God has made certain blessed visitations of His truth in the Christian religion, but we find that without exblessed visitations of His truth in the Christian religion, but we find that without extian religion, but we find that without exception these visitations are not to satisfy
curiosity or to answer our wondering questions, but to guide us toward better loving
and living. There is a good book called
"Applied Christianity." It is all meant to
be applied, every article of it. Christian
doctrine is

HELPFUL TRUTH.

The Christian religion grew in the world through the attractive power of helpfulness. This helpful truth not only helped men, but it made them helpful. Before Christ, men We ought to be perfectly happy that we live in this glorious age of scientific thought. We believe there never was another age in which the astronomer of Harvard Observatory could propound the following problem and receive so many perfectly reasonable answers to it: "Suppose." said he, "that three snakes, each 2 feet in length, should catch each other by the tip of the tail, thus making a circle 6 feet in, circumference. Suppose that each snake should begin to swallow the snake in front of him. In what way would the resultant figure, after each snake had swallowed the one in front of him, differ from the original circle?"

The answers have been many and various, some of them, we are informed, "entering the consideration of the fourth dimension of space," because anyone of the snakes would have swallowed the two in back of him, and, therefore, would be both inside and outside of his two fellows. The man who lives in an age when men can tackie and grasp and make so clear to others an idea of this sort has no business to go about talking of the good old times or looking hopefully forward to anything more milleniumish. marked that these strange religionists called Christians did not run away. They stayed Christians did not run away. They stayed to help. And when men saw that, they began to think that there might be something in this new religion after all.

There came days afterward, it is true, when the temptations of prosperity became strong and the church grew unhelpful. The tables of the money changers were moved, as one says, into the Holy of Holics. And the word "help" meant help yourself. Then the church was weak. Helpfulness and strength go together. The church did

Then the church was weak. Helpfulness and strength go together. The church did not wholly cease to be helpful. That would be death. When the helpfulness of the church shall stop then will the church stop. To help is the very reason for the church's being.

The church is a great help association. There are some people, like this man of the text, who miss that truth. They think that the church is a great spiritual life insurance company—a plan for saving the souls of all who join it. They join it just to get their souls asved. There are a good many who measure the whole value of the church as this man did, by the rule of

THEIR OWN PERSONAL PROFIT. They say, "I can be with Christ without attending church. I can stay at home and He will speak to me out of His hely book.

Ican go out into the fields, and the sky and the winds will be His munisters. I can worship in that temple whose roof is blue and gold, and whose floor is green and brown. I can get closer to Christ there than I can at church." They say, "Why need I join the church? Why can't I keep my religion to myself? Whose business is it? I can be with Christ as truly without any connection with the church."

These people are like this mistaken man. They have a vague idea about religion. They think as he did, that to be with Christ is the whole of Christian discipleship. I am afraid that we are in a way responsible for these men. We have more than half thought that same thing ourselves. We have by our example permitted people to think that prayer and preaching and propriety are the three parts of religion, and that to be helpful is not an essential Christian duty.

You remember the legend beautiful in the calm of a wayside inn. You remember how there came one day into the cell, where a monk knelt praying, a glorious vusion of the Lord Christ, the Helper. And as he bowed in love and awe before the Master, suddenly came sounding the voice of the convent bell. And that bell meant that now was the hour when beside the convent gate gathered the daily throng of the lame, and the blind and the poor, waiting for their dish of bread. And that day it was his place to feed them. And the question came to him, as it came to this man in the text, which shall I choose—the Presence or the task?

Deep distress and hesitation

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration.
Should he go, or should ne stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate
Till the vision passed away?
Should he slight his radiant guest.
Slight this visitant Celestial
For a crowd of ragged bestial
Ever a crowd of ragged bestial
Ever a crowd of ragged bestial
For a crowd of ragged bestial
For a crowd of ragged bestial
heggars at the convent gate?
That was a hard question. You remember how he stood irresolute between the vision and the duty—on the one side the Helper, on the other sade the ucedy—to be helped et to be himself the helper—which? You remember how he left the Presence for the last, and when the act of help was done and the Master went back, then waited still the vision of the Master, blessing him and saying, "Hadst thou stayed I must have fied." That is a picture to set beside this text. That is a parable of Christian helpfulness.

GEORGE HODGES.

A STRANGE METAMORPHOSIS.

A Young Girl Who Has Fits During Which She Becomes a Cat. Landon Globe 1

Students of Ovid have often perplexed thempossibly be the origin of the stories he has told so well. What could possibly have suggested to him or to those who furnished material for to him or to those who furnished material for his tales the miraculous change of Io or of Daphne? The case which is exciting so much attention at the Salpetriere just now may perhaps suggest a solution. A pretty girl of 15, fair-haired, blue-eyed and pleasant-leatured, is at intervals transformed into a cat; that is to say, she has a periodic fit of insanity which takes that form. One who has seen her says: "Suddenly, as you look at her, her whole physiognomy changes. She becomes hard, her eves

given a small vial with instruction to take a teaspoonful of the medicine in water, every three hours. He took the medicine home, but his wife had gone out to visit a neighbor, so he concluded to take the first dose during her absence. A rain barrel filled with water stood at the corner of the house, and stripping off his clothes, Uncle Tim got into the water up to his chin, and was about to pour out a teaspoonful of the medicine when his wife returned.

"For goodness sake, father, what are you doing there?" she excliamed, as she saw his head at the top of the barrel.

"Sure. I'm following the doctor's orders," said Tim. "He told me to take a teaspoonful of this medicince in water, every three hours, and I'm just going to take my first dose."

Mrs. S. saw the joke, and it was too good to keep. She told the boys when they came to supper, and Uncle Tim will never hear the last of it.

\$1,000,000 UNDER HIS ARM

A Chicago Man Carries That Sam Thre the Streets in a Package. Chicago Inter Ocean.1

It was about 2 o'clock last Tuesday afterno when a stolid looking business man, a muscular, bearded party, about 5 feet 10 inches in height, strode from LaSalle to Madison, to Adams and strone from Labalie to Madison, to Adams and thence up into the Owings building. Under his left arm, wrapped in a newspaper, were gold certificates and greenbacks amounting to \$1,000,000.

certificates and greenbacks amounting to \$1,000.000.

Going up Clark street he brushed through the crowd of gambiers, loafers and cut-throats as though unconscious of the sum he had with him and the risk be was running. He actually was unconscious of any risk; a sturdy, straightforward business man himself, he recked nothing of evil in others.

The citizen who took these chances this Crossus in broadcloth, was Gilbert B. Shaw, President of the American Trust and Savings Bank, and in parading the wealth he was on his way to comply with the very letter of the law of Illinois concerning banks and banking.

The Butcher's Blunder.

Detroit Journal.] "Yes, ma'am," said the butcher, "there's as nice and tender a roast of lamb as you'll find in the market. I wouldn't sell it to anybody but an old customer like you. It was my eldest gaughter's little pet lamb. It broke her heart to let it go. You see, she had played with it ever since she was a little girl. I—I—mean to say—ob, you prefer some veal cutlets, send 'em up, ma'am?'

Rheumatism.

BEING due to the presence of urio acid in the blood, is most effectually cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Be sure you get Ayer's and no other, and take it till the poisonous acid is thoroughly expelled from the system. We challenge attention to this

"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to walk only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to state that it has effected a complete cure. I have since had no return of the disease."—Mrs. B. Irding Dodge, 110 West 125th st., New York.

"One year ago I was taken ill with

Dodge, 110 West 125th st., New York.

"One year ago I was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism, being confined to my house six months. I came out of the sickness very much debilitated, with no appetite, and my system disordered in every way. I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."—Mrs. L. A. Stark, Nashua, N. H.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED ST Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle-